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HOMERIDES.

O R,

HOMER's First Book
Moderniz'd.

By Sir ILLAD DOGGERELL.

Nostra Poetantes

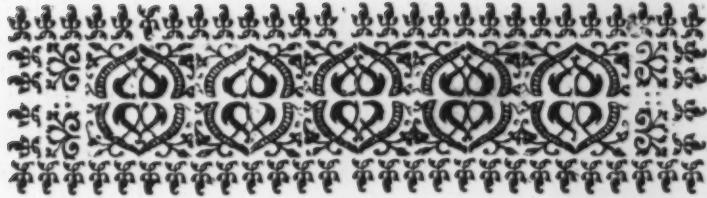


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P R E F A C E.

I HAVE always been so indulgent to a Brother Author, as to read his Preface before I enter'd upon his Work ; because I think every Man ought to be allow'd to know best what Secrets it is fit to let the Reader into, in order to make him go through his Book with pleasure. This Favour at present I must intreat of the Town, and hope the Criticks will be for once so good-natur'd, as to begin at the Beginning ; and I do assure them, I shall be very well contented, wherever they leave off. Having premis'd

iv The P R E F A C E.

*thus much by way of trifling, I come now to
the main End of a Preface.*

THAT is, I come to scrape a more intimate Acquaintance with my Courteous Reader: I will not, according to Custom, assure him, That I thought this Piece wholly unfit for the publick View, nor will I tell him that the Importance of my Friends forc'd it from me: no, no, I can safely affirm that no body that ever yet saw it, advis'd me to print it. And that there has not been a better conducted Piece of Heroick Poetry by way of Translation these many Years, is really the humble Opinion of the ingenious Author.

I CONFESS, when I publish'd my Letter to Mr. Pope, in which I advis'd him to brush up the old-fashion'd Greek Bard, and give him the English Air as well as Tongue; I was apprehensive that my Counsel was come too late, and that the Gentleman had already gone through several Books, wherein he had kept to the Sense of his Author, without modernizing him in the least. This Fear of mine appear'd soon after to be very well grounded; for the

The P R E F A C E.

v

the afore-mention'd Poet has been so careful of doing justice to his Original, that he has nothing in his whole Poem that is not Homer's, but the Language. And I think one may say of his Translation, as one wou'd of a Copy by Titian of one of his own Pictures, That nothing can be better, but the Original.

HOWEVER, since the Ingenious Translator did not think fit to make use of my Quill, but went, by the Instigation of the Muses, to work his own way; I think my self in Honour bound to shew the World that my Method was not impracticable, and would have been entertaining. This is the true Occasion of my putting forth this Specimen of my Art, and upon good Terms I may be prevail'd with to translate the whole Iliad in the same manner.

B E F O R E my Reader and I part, I must inform him that he will find but one Popish Saint in the first Book, and he is Saint Antony of Padua; and that is the Christian Name of Apollo, as all the Adepts have assur'd me. The rest of the Heathen Gods are also sainted in the Ro-

A 3

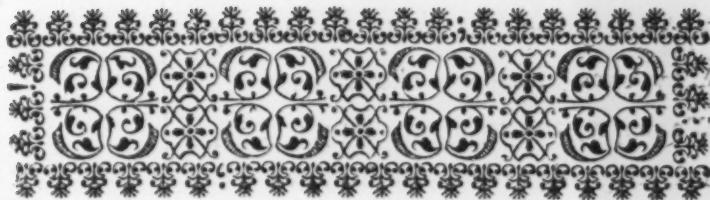
mish

mish Calendar, but out of mere Complaisance to Father Homer, I have call'd them by their unsanctify'd Names, in my Poem.

VALEAS.



HO-



HOMER's Iliad A.

"Αλφα λιτάς χρύσα, λοιπὸν σεγίνε, οὐχὶ θεόν τε αὐδίτων.

*In the first Book the Poet sings
Priests Prayers, Plagues, and Wrath of Kings.*

***** GODDESS! sing Achilles' Choler,
***** Which gave the Greeks most doleful Dolor;
***** O ***** And sent to ¹ Pluto many Souls,
***** Leaving their Flesh to Dogs and Fowls.
So did Great Jove, the King of Gods,
Make Aggy, King of Men, at odds
With Peleus' Son, and make them roar
And rant and rave ² about a Whore.

¹ Pluto is King of Purgatory.

² Διὰ σύτλων.

BUT

BUT to what Saint are these beholder
 For setting both the Fools a scolding ?
 Why 'twas ¹ *Ant-ony*, who with *Aggy*
Was angry, and cry'd out, I'll plague ye,
 You King ; d'ye think that 'tis a Jest
 For to affront a single Priest ?
 Hence a strange Looseness flew around,
 And *swept* the Camp, and foul'd the Ground.

10

FOR *Chryses* came down to the Water,
 On purpose to redeem his ² Daughter :
 Of ³ Crowns a Parcel very handsom.
 He brought there for his Daughter's Ransom ;
 Besides some ⁴ Guineas with the ⁴ Scepter,
 He offer'd too to those who kept her :
 And thus addressing all the *Greeks*,
 But first to *Atreus'* Sons he speaks.

20

“ O *Atreus'* Sons, and *Greeks* in Boots,
 “ May you pull *Troy* up by the Roots ;

¹ *St. Antorty of Padira.*

² *So he call'd his Whore.*

³ Στέμματι ἔχων εὐ χερσίν.

⁴ Χευσίφ αὐτὰ σκήπτρῳ.

“ And

" And may you pillage Gaffer *Priam*,
 " And then return as safe as I am !
 " Now dear King *Aggy* I advise ye
 " To let me have my Daughter *Chrysy* ; 30
 " Ev'n take these Crowns and Guineas, do,
 " Rev'rence the Saint, and let her go."

STRAIT all the *Greeks* approve the thing,
 But, Troth ! it did not please the King ;
 Who full of Anger then dismiss'd,
 With most opprobrious Words, the Priest.

" THOU shaveling Priest, thou holy Drone,
 " Pack up thy Awls, and strait be gone ;
 " Make haste, for if you longer tarry,
 " I'll thresh thy Hide, by the Lord *Harry*. 40
 " Dost think, thou old, thou doating Ninny,
 " To bribe me with a Crown or Guinea ?
 " No, no, I am not such a Nisy,
 " As to let go my handsom *Chrysy* :
 " I'll keep her, Faith, I'll tell you that,
 " Till she is grown as ' grey as Cat ;
 " And when she is not fit for finning,
 " I'll make her spin and mend my Linen.

Τὴν δὲ ἐγώ τοι πειρῶ μηδέ τοι γέγεγεν εἴπων.
 " So

" So get thee gone, and mind thy Calling,
 " And don't stand here and make a bauling."

5c

THIS said, the Old Man grew afeard,
 Slunk down his Ears, and strok'd his Beard,
 And silent trotted¹ to the Shore,
 'Gainst which the Waves do ' flouncing roar ;
 And there his Beads began to handle,
 And curs'd them all by Book and Candle ;
 Crying aloud to Saint *Ant-ony*,
 " O Hone ! O Hone ! O Hone ! O Hony !
 " O thou who often² shoot'st in Long-bow,
 " Which is a silver and a strong Bow ;
 " And if not better, quite as good
 " As the fam'd Bow of *Robin Hood* :
 " Thou who art Patron to our Pigs,
 " And each one who in *Padua*⁴ ligs ;
 " Hear me, O Saint, if e'er I made you a
 " Prayer worth *Antony of Padua*,
 " Ev'n give the Grecian Rascals battel,
 " And send a Murrain 'mong their Cattel."

60

¹ Πολυφρονεότατος Σελάωνης.

² Chryses was an Irishman.

³ Κλύθι μα αγγειότος.

⁴ Scotice.

AS Chryses ended had his Plaïnt,
 Down rush'd the great and angry Saint
 From out of 's Nich in side of Church,
 To aid his Priest left in the lurch :
 And as he fled, his Bows and Arrows,
 Noted for sending from a-far Woes,
 Did on his angry Back so rattle,
 As plainly did portend a Battle ;
 And as a purblind Owl ² by Night,
 Just so our Saint then took his flight
 To some small distance from the River,
 Then cull'd an Arrow out of 's Quiver,
 And shot ; and Poets say the String
³ Did twang and sound like any thing.
 Strait dy'd the Asses, Mules, and Dogs,
 And Murrain seiz'd upon their Hogs ;
 And eating then of murrain'd Bacon,
 The Murrain too the Men had taken.
 In nine days time (O horrid Story !)
 They'd almost fill'd up Purgatory ;
 But on the tenth, Achilles, he
 Like Puppy-dog began to see ;

70

80

90

¹ Ἐκλαγξαν δὲ αὐτὸις οἵσαι ἐπ' ὁμίνων χειροβόλοιο.² Οὐδὲ τυχῆται ἑορτάσιος.³ Δεῖπνη τὸ κλαζγγὸν γένεται ἀργυρόειο βιοῖο.

And

And call'd a Council then to know
Which way they had to steer or row.
St. Juno, with her ¹ Elbows white,
Just then restor'd him to his Sight;
She being troubled to the heart,
To see her Greeks so fast depart.
Standing surrounded all with Greeks,
Thus then the ² swift-foot Hero speaks

" O AGGY, if we'd save our Lives,
" Let us ' go back unto our Wives ;
" And tho they're bad, they're not so bad
" As Sword and Pestilence—I-gad.
" But first let's know, now I think of it,
" Our Fortunes of some Witch or Prophet ;
" Some Dreamer rare, that is esteem'd of,
" To tell us what we never dream'd of ;
" What Saint is angry too, and why
" The Pigs, and Mules, and *Grecians* die ;
" And tell us how we are mistaken,
" And how we all may save our Bacon.

³ ΛευκώλενΘ Ήρη.

² Πόδας ὥκης.

³ Νυν αἱμεπαλιμπλαγχθεῖται ὅτο.

Οὐελεψπόλον.

This

This said—Immediately a Witch
 Was *whip* amongst them on a *Switch*.
 The same good Woman, Mother ¹ Shipton,
 The truest Witch the De'el e'er tript on ;
² Knew things past, present, and to come,
³ And guided them to *Ilium*.
 Such Knowldg had the wither'd Hag,
 And strait her Chin began to wag.

“ AS you command, my dear *Achilles*,
 “ I'll tell you why the Mules and Fillies,
 “ And Pigs are kill'd by St. *Ant-on'y* ; 120
 “ But you must swear, my pretty Honey,
 “ You'll to your utmost strength endeavour
 “ T' hinder my being flung in River :
 “ For I foresee by *Aggy's* gloating,
 “ He'll set me like a Cork a floating.
 “ *Aggy's* a King, you know, and then
 “ A King is not like other Men ;
 “ Besides he's desp'rare full of Rancour,
 “ Which lies in's breast like any Canker : 130

¹ Chalcas was an Hermaphrodite, and mention'd by Homer as a Male ; but the Moderns have known this Hermaphrodite rather as a Female, and have given it the Name of Shipton.

² ὅς γένη τὰ τέοντα, τὰ τέωντα μεγά τέοντα.

³ Καὶ γνέστιν αὐτὸν Αχαιῶν θάνατον.

"Therefore, *Achilles*, tell me truly,
"Will you protect, if he's unruly?"

HER answer'd thus the swift-foot Hero ;
"Speak boldly what thou know'st, and ' clear-o,
"I swear by St. *Ant-ony*'s Sleeve,
"No Man shall hurt thee while I live;
"Not one of all the *Grecian* Host,
"Not *Aggy*, tho' he rules the Roast."

STRAIT the old Grandame ² took up Courage,
And stoutly spoke, for one of her Age : 140
" 'Tis not the want of *Ave-maries*,
" Masses and Beads, and such Vagaries ;
" But 'tis 'cause *Aggy* made a Jest
" Of our old Mumpsimus the Priest ;
" 'Cause he would not for Love nor Mony
" Give to the Priest his dearest Honey :
" And 'tis for this the Saint doth still give
" Us Plagues, and 'tis for this he will give ;
" Nor will he slack his heavy ³ Fist,
" Till we have satisfy'd the Priest, 150

¹ Ionice.

² Καὶ τὸτε δὴ θάρσοντες, καὶ ἔνδει μανῆς.

³ Βαρεῖας χεῖρες.

" And

" And giv'n him back his ' black-ey'd Whore
 " *Sans* Fee or Bribe——Nay, what is more,
 " We many Penances must do,
 " Bribe both the Saint and Fryar too."

THUS spoke the Hag, and then up-rose
Aggy with Pepper in his Nose ;
 All black within and full of Ire,
 His Eyes too sparkled just like Fire :
 * Looking askew upon the Witch,
 He cry'd,——“ Thou damn'd confounded Bitch, 160
 “ The worst of Hags, whose sole delight
 “ Is for to say things full of Spite,
 “ And with your ugly hatchet Jaws
 “ You now pretend to tell the cause
 “ Of all our Mischiefs——”Tis forsooth
 “ Because King *Aggy* hath Colt's Tooth,
 “ And won't let pretty *Chrysy* go ;
 “ And this is cause of all our Woe !
 “ As for my old Wife *Clytemnestra*,
 “ She is not worth a Wad of Pease-Straw, 170
 “ In Soul or Body, by what I see,
 “ If once compar'd unto my *Chrysy*.

¹ Ἐλκαῖποδε κύριος.

² Κάκ' ὀωσύμῳ θεογονίην.

" But if she must go, and 'tis proper,
 " Tho she's so pretty, I'll not stop her ;
 " I'd rather have my People safe,
 " Than to be plagu'd on my behalf :
 " But then as soon as e'er she's sent,
 " I must have an Equivalent ;
 " For, Faith, 'twill be the hardest thing
 " That I, who am of Greeks the King, 180
 " Should be alone in fatal Distress,
 " And cruel want of black-ey'd Mistres."

TO him reply'd the swift-foot Hero,
 " Thou cursed King, as bad as Nero,
 " How can that thing be yet decided ?
 " There is no Prey now undivided :
 " Now 'tis divided, 'tis not fair
 " To fling in hotchpotch each one's share.
 " Then let her go, and don't regret her,
 " We'll get thee one that's ten times better, 190
 " As soon as e'er we come to pillage
 " Old Gaffer Priam's House and Village."

To him thus Aggy was repayant ;
 " Altho thou'rt stout as any Giant,

"Οὐκ ἐποίησε παλίλλοια ταῦτ' ἐπαγείρειν.

" Yet

" Yet think not with thy sham Pretences
 " To gull me out of all my Senses :
 " You'd have me sit contented down
 " Without a Whore, while you have one.
 " But if the Greeks a Lass will find,
 " In Chrysy's stead, unto my mind, 200
 " I am content : but if they don't,
 " On you I shall resent th' Affront,
 " Or upon Ajax or Ulysses ;
 " For, Troth, I'll have one of your Misses.
 " And 'twon't be matter of much Laughter :
 " But of this let us talk hereafter.
 " Now go and bring a Boat with Oars,
 " And put therein some chosen Rowers ;
 " Put Chrysy too, our handsom Lass,
 " With holy Sacrifice, the M—ses ; 210
 " Let Ajax and Ulys' : Besi-des.
 " Pray who more fit than you Pelides.
 " To be the Captain of the Vessel,
 " T' appease the Saint, and to redress ill? "

THE Prince on Aggy look'd ' askew,
 And cry'd, " How impudent are you !

Tmod'eg idwv.

" What Greek d'ye think for time to come
 " Will march at Beat of Aggy's Drum?
 " I've nought t' object against King Priam,
 " More than I have 'gainst King of Siam; 220
 " His Men ne'er stole my Cows or Horses,
 " Nor e'er with me took evil Courses;
 " Nor can he do me any harm,
 " For Woods and Bogs surround my Farm.
 " We follow'd thee to Troy, thou Loon,
 " To please thy Brother — thou Baboon!
 " And now you proudly talk of stripping
 " Me of my precious Betty Pippin;
 " For whom I've born much: * nay, the Town 230
 " Allows my Bes to be my own.
 " With thee I ne'er have equal share,
 " But in the bloody part of War.
 " Now when Troy Town will be destroy'd,
 " My Hands will then be most employ'd;
 " But when we come to share the Prey,
 " Thou with best part then runn'st away:
 " Then to my Ships with fighting weary,
 " With smallest share contented steer I.

¹ Οὐ γὰρ πάπος ἐμας βῆσσος πλεσταν, οὐδὲ μὴ πίπης.

* Κυρωπέα.

² Ω ἔπει τολλα ἐμόγυνος * πλεσταν δέ μειος οὐτε Αχαιῶν.

" " There

" Therefore now, Aggy, to requite ye,
 " On board I'll go, and so good-by t'ye : 240
 " I'm now despis'd, but when I go,
 " You will do wondrous things, I trow."

THUS reply'd Aggy.—“ Go thy way,
 “ I shall not beg of thee to stay :
 “ When you are gone, I shall not want
 “ For Men or a Protecting Saint.
 “ Thou art my Foe, and dost delight
 “ To wrangle, bully, quarrel, fight.
 “ If thou art sturdy, strong, and stout,
 “ 'Twas Jove that made thee such a Lout. 250
 “ Then get thee home, there rule thy Herd,
 “ For of thee here no Soul's afeard,
 “ Nor of thy Wrath. I tell thee plain,
 “ As Chryssy now is from me ta'en,
 “ Whom now I send away by shipping,
 “ Just so I'll take thy Betty Pippin,
 “ Thee to correct, and make each Bully
 “ To act henceforth more dutifully.”

THIS said, all griev'd Achilles stood,
 And look'd as if he had been Wood : 260

¹ Εἰ μάλα καγκέος ἐστι, ² Σέος μεν τοι τούτων.
With

With Doublet off, and ¹ Breast all hairy,
 He long time was in strange Quandary,
 Whether he out his Sword should pull,
 And slit poor Agamemnon's Skull,
 Or should put up his trusty Hanger,
 And not kill Aggy in his Anger.
 While from these Thoughts he could not swerve-a,
 Pop at his shoulder was Minerva ;
 Whom Juno, with her Elbows white,
 Had just sent down to stop the Fight.
 She lov'd them both, of both had care,
 And took Achilles by the Hair :
 To him alone she then appear'd,
 But at first sight he was afraid :
 Yet after staring much, he kenn'd her,
 And then his Eyes took fire like Tinder,
 And strait these ² Words flew out of's Weazon ;
 " Pray Madam tell me what's the reason
 " Now of your coming.—Is't to see
 " Th' Affronts, that Aggy puts on me ?
 " But this I'll say and swear before ye,
 " I'll send his Soul to Purgatory."

¹ Στήθεοιν λασίοις.

² Δειγω δὲ ὅτε φέρετεν.

³ Ἐπι τελεόμενα μεγονίδεα.

TO this fine Speech, the ¹ Owl-ey'd Maid
 Thus gravely answered and said,
 " If you'll obey, I'm come t' assuage
 " King Aggy's Anger, and your Rage :
 " Juno the Goddess with white Elbow
 " Sent me, then pull not out your Bilbo ;
 " ² But rant you may, and scold and prate,
 " ³ Like any Whore at Billingsgate. 290
 " I tell ye then—Don't cry for Betty,
 " You shall have one ³ three times as pretty
 " As Betty is.—Then cease this Riot,
 " My dear Achilles, and be quiet."

TO this he answered and said,
 " The Gods in truth must be obey'd,
 " Ev'n tho with Aggy I'm at odds ;
 " For Gods hear him, who hears the Gods."
 This said, his Sword with Handle gilt
 He seiz'd, and sheath'd it to the Hilt. 300
 The green-ey'd Maid then took her flight,
 And in a trice was out of sight.

¹ Γλαυκῶνις Αθέων.² Άλλ' οὐτε ἔπειν μηδ ὀνείδισσον εἰς ζετται φέρει.³ Τεῖς τίκτει παρένθετος, αὐγλακά δύεται.

But ¹ Pelid's Anger was not cold,
 And thus poor Aggy he did scold :
 " Thou drunken Dogs-eyes, Heart of Stag,
 " Into the Field thou dar'st not wag,
 " To lead thy Men, or do things nobler,
 " That is to thee Death and the Cobler :
 " Thou lov'st to stay at home, and pill
 " The Greeks who don't obey thy Will ; 310
 " And, Faith, 'tis well each Greek's a Sot,
 " Thou Tyrant, else thou'dst gone to pot :
 " But this I'll tell thee——² And, Garzoon,
 " Great Oath I'll swear——By this Battoon,
 " That never will bear Leaf or Bud,
 " Or blossom like to *M*——'s Rod,
 " But is a dry, a very dead Staff,
 " Rinded and white like any Bed-staff,
 " Which once it was, but now in hand
 " It's borne, and made a ruling Wand : 320
 " By this great Oath a time will be,
 " When all the Greeks shall wish for me ;

¹ Achilles.

² Οινοβαρὲς κυνὸς ὄμητος ἔχων κεφαλὴν δὲ εἰλέφοιο.

³ Achilles was a Gascoon.

⁴ Οὐδὲν αὐτῷ λίστης τοιοῦτος γένεται εἰπεῖν
 Φύλλα τὰ καὶ φλόσια.

" When

" When they are slain in heaps by *Hector*,
 " Thou'l be but then a sad Protector ;
 " Then thou shalt grieve, look down, and sneak,
 " For using thus the stoutest Greek."

THIS said—Sowse down upon the Strand
 He flung his golden-studded Wand,
 And then himself sat cross-legg'd down,
 When Agamemnon 'gan to frown.
 To them rose Nestor, that old Fellow,
 Whose words like any Pears were mellow ;
 Or if you'll have't as Poets sung,
 " He'ad store of Honey on his Tongue.
 Nay more, he'ad almost liv'd three Ages,
 Was well acquainted with the Sages :
 He having scratch'd his Head a while,
 Thus spoke the antient King of *Pyle*.

" ALACK ! alack ! and well a day !
 " This is a happy Day for *Troy* :
 " The Trojans now will laugh and sing,
 " And all the Bells in *Troy* will ring ;
 " They'll broach their Pipes, and call the Rabble in,
 " When thus they see you Greeks a squabbling.

¹ Τοι καὶ στό γλωσσις μίλισθος γλυκιῶν πέπερ ἀνδήν.
 " But

" But hear me now ; for, Faith and Troth,
 " I am much older than you both ;
 " Stouter than you (for you're but Boys)
 " Have heard, and have obey'd my Voice.
 " In times of old I knew such Men,
 " The like I ne'er shall know agen : 350
 " Such as St. George, who slew the Dragon,
 " A monstrous Beast that fill'd a Waggon :
 " Our Countryman Don Bellianis,
 " Whose Flesh was hard as any Brawn is :
 " Stout Valentine with's Brother Orson,
 " Thē one on foot, the other horse on :
 " King Arthur too, the King of Britain,
 " The stoutest King the Monks e'er writ on :
 " Brave Guy of Warwick who kill'd one Cow,
 " That was a furious and a Dun Cow : 360
 " Don Hickathrift so fam'd for Strength,
 " And Meg of Westminster for Length ;
 " Tom Thumb a Man of muckle Might,
 " Both for his Bigness and his Height.
 " Those Folks were stout, nay very stout,
 " And oft put Monsters to the rout :

¹ Οἰον Πειλαῖτε Δρυάται, &c. See Homer's Catalogue of Heroes.

" With

" With these I oft did use to roam,
 " Whene'er they call'd me out from home ;
 " I then rous'd up my utmost Might,
 " No Mortal now with us could fight ;
 " They heard my Voice, and did obey,
 " And so do you, 'tis your best way. 370

" KING—Rob not him of his Reward ;
 " And Pelid—You the King regard :
 " For should with you King Aggy fight,
 " Aggy will get no Honour by't.
 " What tho thou'rt stronger than *Atrides*,
 " His Government than thine more wide is.
 " Then prithee, Aggy, cease thine Ire,
 " I'll try to pacify the Squire, 380
 " Whom we in time may chance to lack,
 " pelid the Grecian, Bully-hack."

TO him King Aggy answer'd gravely,
 " In troth, old Man, thou'ft spoken bravely ;
 " But this Spark is upon high Rope,
 " He'd be King, Emperor, and Pope.

Μαχόμενος καὶ ἐμαυλον ἔγω.
 Καὶ μὴ μεν βολέων Ευρίον πεισθεῖτο δὲ μύθῳ
 Ἀλλὰ πιθεῖτο καὶ υμινεσ, ἐπὶ πιθεῖσας ἀμεινον.

“ But, Faith, for all he’s such a Huffer,
 “ It’s what no Mortal e’er will suffer ;
 “ ‘Cause *Jove* has made him strong, therefore
 “ ² Must the great Lout turn Butter-Whore.”

390

THEN interrupted him *Achilly*,
 And cry’d,—“ I should be very silly,
 “ Should I be governed by thee ;
 “ But that (depend on’t) ne’er shall be.
 “ However, you may take the Whore,
 “ For, Faith, she’s not worth fighting for :
 “ But for my ³ other little Sluts,
 “ Tap thou but them, I’ll tap thy Guts.”

THUS about Punk these roaring Royters
 Scolded like Whores that sell their Oysters : 400
 And after much of this soft Greeting,
 They all rose up, and broke the Meeting.
 Away jogg’d *Pelid* to his Tent,
 With him his Friend *Patroclus* went :

¹ Εἰ δὲ μή αἰχματίῳ ἔθεσαν θρόνον αἰὲν κοντές.

² Τὸν δὲ σφένδειον ὄνειδα μεδίουδας.

³ Τῶν δὲ λλων δὲ μοι εἴσι. N. B. Homer puts δὲ for αἱ, and εἴσῃ for εἰσι; for ‘tis not to be supposed that the Ladys in his time were of the Neuter Gender.

But

But *Aggy*, he mann'd out a Barge,
 Twenty it held, it was so large ;
 In't he put *Chrysy* and *Ulysses*,
 And off they swam like any Fishes.

THE N *Aggy* with all speed begins
 To purge away the People's Sins : 410
 Some wash their Filth off in the Sea,
 Which made them clean as clean cou'd be.
 Many had Lashes twelve a piece,
 And some for Penance walk'd ¹ like Geese.
 Those who to save their Feet wore Sandals,
 Offer'd the Saint a Pound of Candles ;
 Some Incense us'd, and Holy Water ;
 Some cross'd themselves. — But what was patter,
 Some gave the Priest fat Hens and Cocks, and
 Bulls, Goats, and eke a ² hundred Oxen. 430
 While this they do, *Aggy* who is chief,
 Sits angry down, contriving mischief :
 But strait he calls to his two Porters,
 " Go get ye hence to *Pelid*'s Quarters,
 " And fetch me hither *Betty Pippin*,
 " That handsome Girl he has in keeping :

¹ In Greece the Geese commonly walk barefoot.

² Εκατοντας ταύρων.

" If he detains her, I by force
 " Will fetch her, and that's ten times worse."

THIS said, away the Porters went,
 But very loth, to *Pelid's Tent* ; 440
 And found him sitting by his Shipping,
 Musing upon his *Betty Pippin*.
 At sight of them he hung adown
 His Head, and sadly 'gan to frown.
 They grew afeard, and lost their Speeches,
 And smelt most strongly in their Breeches :
 Which *Pelid nos'd*, then fell to greeting,
 And thus he spoil'd the silent Meeting.

" YOUR Servant, Gentlemen and Porters,
 " You're welcome unto *Pelid's Quarters* ; 450
 Come near, for of you I condemn none,
 " I'm only mad with *Agamemnon*,
 " Who sends for *Betty* (an old Leacher)
 " Prithee *Patroclus* go and fetch her :
 " Before the Saints and ev'ry Mortal,
 " Beside the King, from whom I've bore 't all,
 " Bear witness, when hereafter I am
 " Sent for to help him 'gainst King *Priam* ;

“ For mad he is, and can’t for’s Blood

“ Contrive to do the Grecians good.

460

THIS said, Patroclus brought out Betty,
 Th’ aforesaid handsom Wench and pretty ;
 And as they led her o’er the Marsh,
 Bet Pippin seem’d to hang an arse.

BUT Pelid having lost his Punk,
 Cry’d like a Sot that’s maudlin drunk ;
 And roar’d and ray’d, and kept strange pother,
 And thus complain’d he to his Mother.

“ SINCE I’m short-liv’d (good Mother *Thetis*)
 “ That Jove should honour me, it meet is : 470
 “ I’ve lost my Wench, then where’s my Honour ?
 “ And Aggy too falls foul upon her.”
 This said, he cry’d and roar’d like mad ;
 His Mother sitting by his Dad,
 Smoking her Pipe in Chimny-Corner,
 Prick’d up her ears, and heard the Mourner.
 Then gently rose the good old Mother,
 Knock’d out her Pipe, and made a ³ smother,

³ Η δούλειος ἄμφια τοτοι γυναι κιέν.

² Ως φάτο δακρυχέων.

³ Ήντ φημίχλη.

And lamely hobbl'd to the Threshold,
 And there by *Pelid's* Hand took fresh hold, 480
 And said, " My *Pely*, why dost cry ?
 " Tell me, my *Pely*, tell me why."
 Then sighing, whining, groaning, said he,
 " Ah ! Mother, you know't all already :
 " We came to th' Parson's House at *Thebes*,
 " A Parson rich in Girls and Glebes ;
 " We gutted both his House and Barn,
 " His Pigs, his Geese, his Girls, his Corn ;
 " We swept them clean away together,
 " And in our Boats we brought them hither : 490
 " And here before old *Priam's* Village
 " We Greeks divided all the Pillage.
 " The two *Atrides* *Chrysy* chose,
 " Whose blushing Cheeks were like a Rose :
 " But presently her Dad came after
 " Our Army, to redeem his Daughter ;
 " Of Crowns a Parcel very handsom
 " He brought there for his Daughter's Ransom,
 " Besides some Guineas with the Scepter
 " He offer'd too to those who kept her : 500
 " And thus he did each Greek invoke,
 " But first to *Astrens'* Sons he spoke.

² Χρυσίδη ργλαντίγνον.

" Strait

" Strait all the Greeks approv'd the thing,
" But, Troth, it did not please the King ;
" Who full of Anger then dismiss'd,
" With most opprobrious Words, the Priest.
" The Priest sore vex'd, pray'd to a Saint,
" The Saint too heard the Priest's Complaint ;
" On which he gave our Army battel,
" And sent a Murrain 'mong our Cattel : 510
" So that we could not set a Pot on
" The Fire with Meat, but what was rotten ;
" Our Pork so bad was, tho 'twas roasted,
" In truth, 'twou'd stand us just in no stead :
" So that by eating of bad ' Vittals,
" Our Men were daily put in Pit-holes.
" At last a Witch, by help of Devil,
" Told us the Reason of our Evil.
" I was the first, who mov'd t' appease
" The Saint, and make the Plague to cease. 520
" But Aggy, quite with Passion fluster'd,
" Stood up, and threaten'd much and bluster'd.
" Howe'er the Greeks sent Chrysy home,
" And now my Bes's supplies her room.
" Now help your Son at this dead lift,
" And let me not be turn'd adrift,

* Vittals, Doricè frō Vittuals.

32. HOMER Moderniz'd.

" If you have Interest with Jove,
 " Or did him any Good above.
 " I've heard you oft, as you sat stitching
 " My Father's Doublet in his Kitchin, 530
 " Tell us what mighty things you've done
 " For Thund'ring Jove, old Saturn's Son ;
 " How you deliver'd that same God
 " From being whipt, and burat the Rod ;
 " And how you him did once preserve-a^a
 " From Juno, Neptune, and Minerva :
 " How you call'd up to Heav'n Ægeon,
 " As big a Lout as one should see one ;
 " Whose ghastly Phiz, and mighty Bulk,
 " Frightned the Gods, and made them skulk : 540
 " And thus by setting all a tripping,
 " You sav'd poor Jove from dreadful Whipping.
 " Mind him of this, and ^b take the God by's
 " Knees, or somewhere about his C_____ :
 " Persuade him for to help the Trojans,
 " To beat the Greeks back to their Lodgings.
 " And when the Greeks are ^c slain, I wis,
 " They'll know what King our Aggy is ;

^a an Expletive.

^b Ταῦτα τοι μνοσοῦ, προπέχεο; ^b καὶ λαβε γυμνόν.

^c Ελασις Ἀχαιος

Κλεσουρός, ἵνα πάντες ἐπιμεγύιας βασιλῆς.

" And

" And Aggy too, when dead, will see
 " His horrid Fault of slighting me."

550

ON this th' old Dame ³ two Tears out let,
 Which at her Nose's Summit met,
 And cry'd, " Why was't thou born, my Boy,
 " And bred to be destroy'd at Troy ?
 " I wish you sound and safe might sit,
 " But sudden Fate will not permit :
 " To be short-liv'd, and suffer Evil,
 " Nay, both together is the Devil.
 " Why bred I thee ! But strait I'll go,
 " And tell our Jove of all thy Woe. ⁵⁶⁰
 " Mean time, Son, scold and use your Spite,
 " But take good heed you do not fight.
 " Jove yesterday with all his Followers,
 " Went down to sup among the ² Colliers :
 " When he returns, I will not miss it,
 " For you to pay our Jove a Visit ;
 " I'm sure on't that I shall not speed ill,
 " For with him I'll colloque and wheedle."

THIS said, away old Thetis jogged,
 And left her Son most woundy dogged, ⁵⁷⁰

¹ Δάκρυ μέσον.
² Ausoniae.

With

With aking Heart, in mighty Fret,
 Upon th' account of losing *Ber* ;
 His *Ber*, the Girl ' whose Waſte so ſlender
 Had fir'd our *Pelid*'s Heart like Tinder.

AND now *Ulyſſes* had brought home
 Fair *Chryſy* with the Hecatomb :
 And when they had by ſailing clever
 Brought their great Barge quite up the River,
 They furl'd the Sails, and lower'd the Maſt,
 Caſt anchor too, and ty'd her fast ; 580
 They diſembark'd, and very decent
 Brought to the Priest King *Aggy*'s Preſent.
 Then *Chryſy* leapt upon the Strand,
Ulyſſes took her by the Hand,
 And led her to her Father *Chryſes*,
 Then made this Speech, which wondrouſ wife is.

“ O *Chryſes*, *Aggy* King of Men
 “ Hath ſent your Daughter home agen ;
 “ And with a Preſent, that beſpeaks
 “ Your Int'reſt for us ſuff'ring Greeks.” 590

THIS ſaid, he gave the Priest his Daughter ;
 His Eyes for joy then ran with Water,

* Εὐζώνος γυναικός.

And

And up he went unto the Altar,
And strait began to read his Psalter.

“ HEAR me, O thou, who shoot’st in Long-bow,
“ Which is a silver and a strong Bow ;
“ Thou who art Patron to our Pigs,
“ And each one who in Padus ligs :
“ You us’d to hear me heretofore,
“ And for me hurt the Greeks full sore ; 600
“ But now, O Saint, I’ve chang’d my mind,
“ Then pray be to the Grecians kind.”

THUS pray’d the Priest, and strait his Plaint
Heard and approv’d was by the Saint.
On this they went to Merry-making ;
Some fell to Roasting, some to Baking,
Some fatted Sheep took from the Flocks, and
Others knock’d down and flay’d the Oxen ;
And out they cut fat Ribs and Haunches,
On purpose for to stuff their Paunches. 610
The Priest too, whilst one Pastys makes,
Upon ³ cleft Wood broil’d Mutton-Stakes :

¹ Ἔσφαξεν καὶ ἔβιεγεν.

² Μηρύς εἰξέταμον.

³ Καῖε δὲ σπιτὶ χίζεις.

The Boys in Chimny-Corner sit,
 Themselves half roasted, turn the Spit.
 Some eat ¹ Black-Puddings, some the Thighs
² Chopt small, to make them *Christmas-Pyes*.
 Some Vinegar us'd for Relief,
 And eat their ways through *Alps* of Beef.
 With Work and Meat thus tir'd—the Rour
 Sat down, and cuff'd the Cups about : 620
 And left they should be all too sober,
 They swill'd off Bumpers of *October* ;
 And having thus well wash'd their Tongues,
³ They Ballads sung, and Baudy Songs.
 Thus getting drunk, they left off roaring,
 And went to bed, and so to snoring.
 Next morning just at peep of Day
 They Anchors weigh'd, and sail'd away :
 The Saint too pleas'd, sent prosp'rous Gales
 To drive the Barge and fill the Sails ; 630
 And such a Froth they made by swimming,
 As would serve *Neptune* for a Trimming.
 Thus back they came to *Trojan Land*,
 And hawl'd their Bark upon the Sand :

¹ Σπλαγχνοὶ ἐπιστεγοὶ.

² Μίσυλλον τὸ ἄρχοντα τὸ ἄλλα.

³ Καλλὸν αἰθόντες Παιώνια.

And

And then each *Greek* in order went
To's proper Ship, or proper Tent.

BUT swift-foot *Pely*—he, poor Elf,
In's Tent sat pouting by himself,
And would not into Council come,
Nor march at Beat of any Drum ;
But sat and griev'd, and pin'd, and gnash'd
His Teeth, and wish'd the *Greeks* well thresh'd.

640

BY this time *Jove*, with all his Train,

Was got safe home to's House again :

Thetis then mindful of her Son,

Did straitways to *Olympus* run ;

And there she found old *Jove* alone

By's Door, asleep upon a Stone.

Just by him down she sits, and twitches

Old *Jove* by's Beard and by his Breeches.

650

And when she'd thorowly awoke him,

The suppliant *Thetis* thus bespoke him :

“ O FATHER *Jove* ! if e'er in need

“ I've aided you in Word or Deed,

* Καὶ πα τάχιθ' αὐτοῖς ρεῖτέτεστο, καὶ λάβε γένεων
Σχεῖν. διξιτερῆ δ' αἵρετος αὐτοφεύγει οὐκέται.

D

“ Grant

" Grant my Request, and hear my Prayer,
 " And help my short-liv'd Son and Heir.
 " Aggy the King has ta'en away
 " From him his Punk, which was his Prey:
 " O then revenge my Pely's Piques,
 " And let the Trojans beat the Greeks; 660
 " O let them press the Grecians hard on,
 " Until they beg my Pely's pardon."

. THUS ended *Thetis* had her Suit,
 And *Jove* like any Fish sat mute;
 But *Thetis* still on *Jove* did hang,
 And thus went on with her Harangue:
 " Come tell me, *Jove*, without a Jest,
 " Will you or not grant my Request?
 " Don't fear, tell boldly out, my *Jove*,
 " How small my Interest is above." 670

ON this, old *Jove* shrugg'd up one shoulder,
 And knit his Brows, and thus he told her:
 " 'Twill be hard case, my *Thetis*, you know,
 " If e'er this thing be known to *Juno*;
 " For that damn'd Termagant of Wife
 " Will make me weary of my Life:
 " Whene'er she pulls her Lips asunder,
 " Her Voice is louder than my Thunder;

" As

" As for her Tongue, 'tis so affrightning,
 " It's much more swift than is my Lightning.
 " Well! —— Let her scold, and me upbraid,
 " And tell how I the Trojans aid.
 " Then, *Thetis*, haste away (my Dear)
 " Lest *Juno* find that you've been here:
 " I nod —— Your Bus'ness shall be done,
 " My Child, as sure as any Gun:
 " Whene'er I nod, then look upon it
 " Just as secure, as if I'd done it;
 " For you will find much of the God in
 " This my grave fortright way of Nodding." 690

ZOYE having ended thus his Discourse,
 Look'd wondrous wise with his ' black Whiskers;
 Then gave a Nod —— and when he nodded,
 His Wig and Seat shook with the Godhead.
 Immediately old Goody *Thetis*
 Limp'd back to Sea-side, where her Seat is:
 Then all the Gods stood up and bow'd,
 And *Zoze* walk'd stately through the Croud;
 And in he went, and sat in's Hall,
 But poxt on't, *Juno* she smok'd all: 700

* Κυανήπιν επ' ὄφρυσι.

Brim-full she could no longer hold,
But thus she gan at Jove to scold :

“ THOU damn'd old Fumbler without Teeth,
“ Who hast thou now been talking with ?
“ Your Secrets now I ne'er arrive at,
“ You keep them so confounded private :
“ To me, I find, you no more ope
“ Your Mind, than you do to the Pope.”

THUS answer'd Jove unto old Juno,
“ My Secrets all don't hope for to know ; 710
“ They're hard, and tho you are my Wife,
“ You'll ne'er see through them for your Life ;
“ But what is fit, I say agen,
“ You shall know first of Gods or Men ;
“ But what I would should be in private,
“ Let not your curious Temper drive at.”

THUS reply'd Juno, Jove's old Doxy,
Famous for having of an * Ox-Eye :
“ Why how now Jove ! thou testy Blade,
“ What pretty Speech is't now you've made ? 720

* Βοῶντις ἀρότρια Ἡγη.

βοῶν τὸν μῆθον ἔσιππες.

" I ne'er inquir'd of what you do,
 " Ev'n as you bake, for me, so brew.
 " But ah ! my *Jove*, my jealous Mind
 " Misgives me that you've been too kind
 " To *Thetis*, that old Shrew of Shrews,
 " Who silver Lace wears on her Shoes ;
 " Our Waterman's old wayward Daughter,
 " That has a House just by the Water.
 " Ah ! *Jove*, just now by you she sat,
 " And caught you by I don't know what : 730
 " Strange things you've promis'd for her Son,
 " And now the Greeks must be undone."

TO her then angry *Jove* aloud
 Spoke just like Thunder from a Cloud :
 " What signifies your being jealous ?
 " Suppose 'tis true now what you tell us :
 " D'ye think I fear your taking snuff ?
 " It pleases me, and that's enough.
 " Sit down and hold your Clack ; for yon
 " Hangs a rare Stool just o'er the Pond : 740

¹ Ἀλλὰ μείλ' ἔυκτοι Θεοὶ τὰ φερόμενα δέσποσιν εἴθελονται.

² Αργυρέωντες Θεοί.

³ Θυμάτης αἰλίου γέρεντες.

" And all the Gods together cluck'd,
 " Shan't hinder you from being duck'd."

THIS Ducking frightened *Juno* truly,
 And made her Ox-Eyes alook but bluely :
 * And down she sat, and silent too ;
 Lo ! what a Ducking-Stool can do !
 The Gods all sigh'd — but up to them rose
Vulcan, the lame Blacksmith of *Lemnos* ;
 Who having just got off from 's Breech,
 Hammer'd out this most court-like Speech. 750

" 'TWILL be a thing insufferable,
 " If Gods for Mortals should thus squabble ;
 " Making a Rout, forsooth, and Riot,
 " Spoiling our Mirth, our Drink, our Diet.
 " Mother, altho you're wondrous wise,
 " For once let *Vulcan* you advise :
 " Go sooth old *Jove*, and stroke his Whiskers,
 " Lest he be wrathful in his Discourse,
 " And us so long by th' ears should hold,
 " Till all the Beef and Pudding's cold ; 760

* Καὶ πᾶντος καρδῖσθαι.

" Or else till Pudding's burnt to pot,
 " Then Mother strike whilst Iron's hot.
 " Tho you outdo him with your Tongue,
 " Yet as he is, you're not so strong;
 " Had he but Will, he'd from your Cushion
 " Shake you, and give you hearty Brushing.
 " Go sooth him, and he'll pass his Fume o'er,
 " Jove is a God of special Humour."

THUS spoke the Lemnian Blacksmith, *Vulcan*,
 And out he fill'd of Beer a full Can, 770
 And gave't his Mother——after which,
 He made another court-like Speech :
 By it you'll find he long had pump'd for't,
 It is so full of Crumbs of Comfort.

" BE patient, Mother, left your Jacket
 " Should be by *Jove* severely thwacked :
 " No Help you'll have then from your Son,
 " I can but be a Looker-on,
 " For I would not for all the World
 " Be once again to *Lemnos* hurl'd. 780
 " Tho I sought Help, yet heretofore
 " By *Jove* was I turn'd out of door,

" And

" And there I fell. —— Lord ! how I fell ! " 790
" From top of Heaven quite down to Hell :
" A whole long Day was I in falling,
" And then the Sintians took me sprawling."

JUNO then laugh'd, and as she laugh'd,
She took the Can, and off it quaffit.
O'er the "right Thumb then Vulcan skinked,
Till ev'ry God his Bumper dranked : 790
And when each God like any Tinker
Had dránk, they all laugh'd at their Skinker ;
Who being crippled by his Fall,
Did hobble strangely round the Hall.
And thus in Mirth and hum'rous Jollity
The Gods then spent the live-long Holiday ;
And there Diversion for advancing,
They Musick had and mighty Dancing :
Apollo too with wondrous Art
Upon a Jews-Harp play'd his part : 800
The Muses Catches made and Songs,
And Vulcan play'd upon his Tongs.
When Sun was set, each merry God
Went home unto his own Abode :

Then Jove up to his Bed did creep,
And instantly fell fast asleep ;
And just by him pigg'd in old Juno,
And what they did, nor I nor you know.

808

FINIS Iliad. A.



21

THE PILL TO PURGE MELANCHOLOY

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